SOME NEW BOOKS.

Bancroft's Alaska.

In the volume allotted to Alaska, the author of the *History of the Pacific States*, Mr. H. H. BANCROFT, gives us an exhaustive account of the section of northwest America bought of the Russian Government, from the discovery to the present time. The collection of the material for this narrative has manifestly required much labor, the author being compelled to seek most of his authorities in Russian archives, or in books printed in the Russian language. Without the active coöperation of agents and well-wishers at St. Petersburg, Sitka, and Washington (many Russian documents and records of exploration are to be found in the last-named place) the work of research and compilation, represented in this book, could not have been accomplished. That we have, in these 750 pages, the most complete, authentic, and valuable repertory of facts geographical, historical, and economical, relating to Alaska, cannot be doubted. As to the productive capabilities of parts of the vast region purchased from Russia, the author has been forced to rely in a large measure on verbal information, one of his agents, a Russian by birth, and a man thoroughly conversant with Alaskan affairs, having made three journeys to the country for the purpose of obtaining facts and estimates from persons of authority and competence still living.

While Mr. Bancroft acknowledges that the greater portion of Alaska is practically worthless, he points out that the cultivable and habitable remnant is of far greater extent and importance than would be supposed by those who fail to appreciate the vastness of the Territory taken as a whole. How few of us are alive to the facts that "the area of Alaska is greater than that of the thirteen original States of the Union, its extreme length being more than 2,000 miles and its extreme breadth about 1,400; that its coast line, including bays and islands, is greater than the circumference of the earth; that the island of Unalaska is almost as far west of San Francisco as San Francisco is west of Washington, while the distance from the former city to Fort St. Michael is greater than that from San Francisco to Panama." But how much of this continental area can be turned to account by man? That is the point on which light is needed by those persons who have doubted whether Russian America is worth the $7,200,000 that Mr. Seward paid for it. On this head Mr. Bancroft offers us tolerably definite information. He shows that the most habitable portions of Alaska, lying, as they do, mainly between 55° and 60° N., are in about the same latitude as Scotland and southern Scandinavia. The superficies, indeed, of this section of the Territory is greater than that of Scotland and southern Scandinavia combined, and there are large tracts of it where the mean yearly temperature is higher than that of Stockholm or Christiania, and where it is milder in winter, with a less fall of both rain and snow than in the southern portion of Sweden. What ground, then, is there for the impression that Alaska is incapable of supporting a white population, or what justification is there in the nature of things for the fact that it at this day contains less than a thousand white inhabitants, while the combined population of Scotland and Scandinavia falls but little short of ten millions?

The truth is that "all along the sweep of the southern Alaskan seaboard Europeans may dwell in comfort; an average temperature is 42°." The winter, which, although not severe, is stormy, breaks up in March, and during April boats go out after furs. It is true, on the other hand, that "for a considerable part of the year there is a continued dampness caused by the frequent fogs and rain." This seems at first sight inconsistent with a statement quoted above, but the author probably has in view different sections of the country. "Much of the soil is fertile, though in places wet. Grain does not ripen, but grasses thrive almost everywhere on the lowlands. Berries are plentiful, particularly cranberries, though the sunlight is scarcely strong enough to flavor them well. Immense spruce forests tower over Prince William Sound and about Sitka. Kodiak is a good grazing country, capable of sustaining large droves of cattle. On the Aleutian Islands trees do not grow, but the grasses are luxuriant."

It is, of course, the Japan current which performs for the Aleutian Islands and the southern seaboard of Alaska the same calorific function which the Gulf Stream discharges for Scandinavia. It is this great northward flow of the Pacific's equatorial waters that evokes the fogs and rain of Sitka, and that clothes the Alaskan mountains to the height of more than a thousand feet with dense growths of spruce, alder, willow, hemlock, and yellow cedar.

But what has up to this time been done to develop the resources of Alaska? Although the treaty by which the purchase was made guaranteed to Russian residents the rights of American citizens, seventeen years elapsed before any legislative steps were taken to make good the guarantee. After 1867 the authority of the United States Government could not obviously be represented at Sitka by a Consul, and not until the autumn of 1884 was it represented by a Territorial Governor. Up to the very recent date at which this volume was published, no fruitful or serious endeavors were known to have been made by the Territorial administration to use the large discretionary powers conferred on it for the advancement of the people or the improvement of the country's natural capabilities. To the enterprise of large private companies is due the prosecution of the seal fisheries, and of the gold mines to which of late considerable attention has been directed. For the application of individual capital and labor there is as yet but small encouragement. "A country where there is no commerce, where there are few industries, where there are no schools except those supported by charity, where no title can as yet be gained to land, where there are no representative institutions and no settled administration, and where the rain fall is from five to eight feet a year does not hold out any very strong inducements to emigrants. Although in name a civil and judicial district, Alaska is still, in practice, at this time—almost nineteen years after its cession—little more than a customs district." There is little probability of a marked change till after the year 1890, when the lease of the Alaska Commercial Company expires, and when a division of its privileges may excite a considerable influx of population. It seems likely, therefore, that the forecast of the Territory's purchaser will be quite exactly verified. "What, Mr. Seward," asked a friend, "do you consider the most important measure of your political career?" "The purchase of Alaska," he replied, "but it will take the people a generation to find it out."

Why the Polar Regions Once Were Warm.

Two problems of deep interest to every one beset with longing to know something of the past and future of the earth he dwells upon, are discussed with indisputable competence in *Climate and Cosmology* by JAMES CROLL (Appletons). The object of this book is to restate in the light of later research and speculation the conclusions which the author formulated years ago with relation, first, to the cause of the mild climates which the polar regions undoubtedly at one time enjoyed, and, secondly, to the origin and age of the sun's heat. The criticisms provoked by his views in many quarters, and the modifications to which his theory on the first-named subject has been subjected, even in the hands of those disposed to partially accept it, have been carefully examined, with the result that the author's convictions remain substantially unchanged. It concerns the reader who desires to learn something of the position taken on questions of fundamental import by scientists of weighty, if not conclusive, authority, to hear Mr. Croll's deliberate defence and reassertion of his much-canvassed hypothesis. As to the controversial side of his book, we must content ourselves with remarking that the rejoinders to his critics are always characterized by great ability, and to our mind are in almost every case convincing. We must confine ourselves to a bare outline of the substantive opinions, now finally promulgated, on the capital objects of inquiry above mentioned.

I.

It is an indisputable datum of geology that at some former epoch the polar regions enjoyed a comparatively mild and equable climate, and that places now buried under permanent snow and ice were then covered with a rich and luxuriant vegetation. Attempts to account for this remarkable state of things have been made by postulating a different distribution of sea and land, a change in the obliquity of the ecliptic, and a displacement of the earth's axis of rotation. The reasons for rejecting such theories are set forth at length by Mr. Croll; but passing over these, we come at once to the explanation which he gave in a former work, and which he is now more than ever persuaded is the true one. The steps by which he reaches his conclusions are the following: The annual quantity of heat received from the sun at the equator is to that at the poles as twelve to five, and if the same percentage of rays were cut off by the atmosphere at both places, their temperatures would differ in the same ratio. As a matter of fact, more rays are cut off at the poles than at the equator, and consequently the difference in the amount of heat received from the sun is actually much greater. But we may waive this hypothetical excess of polar cold, because in truth the polar temperature is very much nearer the equatorial than would be indicated by the ratio five to twelve, and the problem is to account for this surprising approximation. The mean difference of temperature ought not to be less (although probably more) than 200° Fahr., but the actual difference does not much, if at all, exceed 80°. But since this paradoxical increment of heat does not come directly from the sun's rays, how is it obtained? Obviously by a transference of heat from the equator to the poles. But how was this transference effected? There were only two agencies available, to wit, aerial or ocean currents. But Mr. Croll has demonstrated that the amount of heat conveyable from the equator to the poles by means of aerial currents is trifling; consequently the transference must be attributed to the currents of the ocean. Yet, if it can transform a polar into a temperate climate, the influence of ocean currents in the distribution of heat over the globe must manifestly have been hitherto enormously underestimated; and it becomes important to determine with as much exactitude as possible the amount of heat actually being conveyed northward from the equator by this agency. Now the only great current whose volume and temperature have been ascertained with an approach to certainty is the Gulf Stream. The absolute amount of heat borne northward by that stream is computed to be more than equal to all the heat received from the sun within a zone of the earth's surface extending thirty-two miles on each side of the equator. Or, in other words, as a little calculation will demonstrate, the amount of equatorial heat carried into temperate and polar regions by this stream alone is equal to one-fourth of all the heat received from the sun by the North Atlantic from the Tropic of Cancer up to the Arctic Circle. But there are several other great currents, some of which, though not yet subjected to as careful mensuration, are believed to convey as much heat poleward as the Gulf Stream. Taking into account, then, the influence of the whole system of oceanic circulation, we can no longer feel surprised that the difference of temperature between the equator and the poles should be reduced from 200° to 80°.

The real cause of former comparatively mild climates in Arctic regions is thus revealed: "All that was necessary to confer on, say, Greenland a condition of climate which would admit of the growth of a luxuriant vegetation, is simply an increase in the amount of heat transferred from equatorial to Arctic regions by means of ocean currents." Nor is any very great amount of increase needed for the purpose, for Mr. Croll has shown in this volume that "the severity of the climate of that region is about as much due to the cooling effect of the permanent snow and ice as to an actual want of heat. An increase in the amount of warm water entering the Arctic Ocean, just sufficient to prevent the formation of permanent ice, is all that is really necessary; for were it not for the presence of ice the summers of Greenland would be as warm as those of England." The same considerations, of course, point to another result of a converse character. "If a large *increase* in the volume and temperature of the stream would confer on Greenland and the Arctic regions a condition of climate something like that of Northwestern Europe, it is obvious that a large *decrease* in its temperature and volume would, on the other hand, lead to a state of things in northwestern Europe approaching to that which now prevails in Greenland. A decrease leads to a glacial, an increase to an interglacial condition of things."

We are brought next to the inquiry, what, according to Mr. Croll, were the causes of such pregnant changes in the volume and temperature of the ocean currents. His position is that adequate causes may be found in physical agencies, stimulated or checked by changes in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, provided the heat-transferring power of such agencies is suffered to be operative by such geographical conditions as now exist, and which there is not an atom of evidence for believing have been materially altered since the glacial epoch. It is unnecessary to postulate the submergence or the elevation of continents, or the existence of extra inter-continental channels transporting northward additional heat currents, and thus contributing to ameliorate the climate of the pole. The geographical conditions and the physical agencies which actually exist are amply sufficient to account for all the facts. We quote in Mr. Croll's own words the conclusions which it is the object of this volume to substantiate. "When the eccentricity of the earth's orbit is at a high value and the northern winter solstice is in perihelion, agencies are brought into operation which make the southeast trade winds stronger than the northeast, and compel them to blow over upon the northern hemisphere as far probably as the Tropic of Cancer. The result is that all the great equatorial currents of the ocean are impelled into the northern hemisphere, which thus, in consequence of the immense accumulation of warm water, has its temperature raised, and snow and ice to a great extent must then disappear from the Arctic regions. When, contrariwise, the precession of the equinoxes brings round the winter solstice to aphelion, the condition of things on the two hemispheres is reversed, and the northeast trades then blow over upon the southern hemisphere, carrying the great equatorial currents along with them. The warm water being thus wholly withdrawn from the northern hemisphere, its temperature sinks enormously, and snow and ice begin to accumulate in temperate regions."

It will, of course, be noted that, according to this theory, the maximum of cold at the north pole would result from the coincidence of a maximum eccentricity in the earth's orbit with the occurrence of winter in aphelion. As to the calculable periodicity of the former element, we may remark that the tables of the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, published many years ago by Mr. Croll, have been since verified by the laborious computations of Mr. Stockwell and Prof. McFarland. Mr. Croll is also at pains to show that the mean interval between two consecutive interglacial periods (corresponding to the time required by the equinoctial point to pass from perihelion round to perihelion) is not, as is commonly assumed, 21,000, but 23,250 years. At intervals, therefore, of from 10,000 to 12,000 years the north pole will experience the extreme of cold and the extreme of heat compatible with the coincident geographical conditions, and with the coincident eccentricity of the earth's orbit, the latter factor being ascertainable from Croll's tables.

The final result, therefore, to which Mr. Croll would lead us is that those warm and cold periods which have alternately prevailed during past ages are simply the great secular summers and winters of our globe, depending as truly as the annual ones do upon planetary motions, and like them also fulfilling some important ends in the economy of nature. In an attempt to estimate the soundness of Mr. Croll's theory—which he has a right to denominate the "physical" to distinguish it from Mr. A. R. Wallace's, which may be termed the physico-geographical, or from Sir Charles Lyell's, which was simply geographical—we should not forget that it differs from all preceding conjectural explanations in this important respect, that "it contains no hypothetical elements. All the causes are *real*; none hypothetical. The conclusions are all deduced either from known facts or from admitted physical principles, and in no case are they based on hypotheses. Hypotheses will be found in my cosmological discussions, but none when I deal with climatological questions."

II.

It is one of Mr. Croll's cosmological discussions, and the helpful hypothesis which is the outcome of it, to which we would now invite a moment's attention. We refer to the chapters of this volume in which the origin and age of the sun's heat are considered. Let us first remind the reader of the reef on which the enemies of the evolutionary hypothesis have believed it must be wrecked. It has been supposed that geology and Darwinian biology were irremediably antagonized by physics. For the evolutionists require as an indispensable condition of their hypotheses a tract of solar time incomparably greater than the age attributable to the sun's heat by the opinions which have hitherto been generally accepted by physicists. Combustion certainly cannot be the cause of the solar heat; were the sun composed of coal, its combustion would not maintain the present rate of radiation for 5,000 years. It is now commonly held that the store of heat possessed by the sun could only have been derived from gravitation, and the preferred form of the gravitation theory is that advanced by Helmholtz, who assumes that the sun originally existed as a nebulous mass, devoid of temperature, filling the entire space presently occupied by the solar system and extending into space indefinitely beyond the outermost known plant. We can compute by the Helmholtz formula the total amount of heat generated by gravitation in the condensation of this mass to an orb of the sun's present size. This amount would suffice for a little more than 20,000,000 years, or at the utmost—admitting that the sun's density probably increases toward the centre—30,000,000 years. But for the production of the stratified rocks geologists require at least 90,000,000 years, and the period allowed by Helmholtz would fall far short even of the time demanded by biologists for the evolution of organic life.

Here Mr. Croll intervenes with a cosmological hypothesis, which aims to harmonize physics and the evolutionary theory. He denies that Helmholtz has a right to begin with the assumption of a cold nebulous mass (to whose condensation the sun's heat is ascribed), for "the moment that the mass existed as such, condensation—under the influence of the mutual attraction of its particles—would commence. We must, therefore, assume either that the mass was created at the moment condensation began, or that prior to this moment it existed under some other form." As scientists would scarcely hesitate to adopt the latter alternative, Mr. Croll proceeds to the next question, What was the condition in which the nebulous mass existed before condensation? It was, he answers, "a condition of excessive temperature, the repulsive force of heat preventing the particles from approaching one another. In short, the excessive temperature was the very cause of the nebulous condition."

Well, then, we have by this hypothesis an incalculable amount of heat to start with, in addition to that evolved in the condensing process. "If we admit," says Mr. Croll, "that the nebulous mass was in a state of incandescence prior to condensation, it will really be difficult to fix any limit either to the age of the sun or to the amount of heat which it may have originally possessed. The twenty or thirty million years' heat obtained by condensation may, in such a case, be but a small fraction of the total quantity possessed by the mass." But from what source came the original heat of the nebulous mass? What caused its incandescence? Mr. Croll finds an answer in the dynamical theory of heat, and suggests that "*the energy in the form of heat possessed by the mass may have been derived from motion in space.* Two bodies each one-half the mass of the sun, moving directly toward each other with a velocity of 476 miles per second, would by their concussion generate in a single moment fifty million years heat. Two such bodies coming into collision with that velocity would be dissipated into vapor and converted into a nebulous mass by such an inconceivable amount of heat as would be thus generated; and when condensation on cooling took place, a spherical mass like that of the sun would result."

Is there anything extraordinary in the velocity which Mr. Croll finds would be required to generate the fifty million years' heat in the case of the two supposed bodies? "A comet having an orbit extending to the path of the planet Neptune, approaching so near the sun as to almost graze his surface in passing, would have a velocity of about 390 miles per second, which is within 86 miles of that required." Moreover, of the velocity required at the moment of collision "more than half would be derived from the mutual attraction of the two bodies in their approach to each other." In the case, for instance, of two bodies, each equal in volume to the sun but of one-half the density, the amount of velocity acquired by mutual attraction would be 274 miles a second. To obtain, then, the requisite 476, we have only to assume an initial or projected velocity of 202 miles per second. Mr. Croll submits that when we take into consideration the magnitude of the stellar universe we may as reasonably assume an initial velocity of 676 or 1,700 as 202 miles per second. But in the first-named case the sum of heat generated in a moment would suffice for 200,000,000, and in the second case for 800,000,000 years at the present rate of radiation. Mr. Croll is, accordingly, disposed to modify the opinion formerly expressed by him in "Climate and Time," that "the total quantity of calorific power possessed by the sun could not possibly exceed 100,000,000 years' heat." He can now see no reason why, if we admit that the original heat of the solar orb was derived from motion in space, it may not be double or quadruple that amount.

M. W. H.

Book Notes.

"Morgan's Horror," by George Manville Fenn (Cassell & Co.), is literally a tale of horror, and little else. We commend it to the lovers of blood-curdling romance.

"What's Mine's Mine," by George Macdonald (Harper's Franklin Square Library), is a picturesque story of life and manners in the Scottish Highlands, with some striking situations.

"The Pomfret Mystery," by Arthur Dudley Vinton (J. S. Ogilvie & Co.), is, as the cover aptly announces, a "thrilling detective story," with a complicated plot and a variety of characters.

We have received the twelfth volume of "The Sanitary Engineer," conducted by Henry C. Meyer. It is handsomely printed and profusely illustrated. The views of recent designs for public and private buildings by American architects are excellent.

"What Does History Teach?" (Harpers) is the title of a little volume containing two essays by Prof. John Stuart Blackie of Edinburgh—"The State" and "The Church." They are written in a broad and tolerant spirit, and afford much food for reflection.

Except for some occasional prolixity, we can commend "Twixt Love and Duty," by Tighe Hopkins, as one of the best novels published in Harper's Handy Series. The plot is ingenious, some of the characters original, and the story moves continuously from the first chapter to the last.

"The Mountain Campaigns in Georgia" is the title of a work published by Joseph M. Brown, describing the battle fields along the line of the Atlantic and Western Railroad in northern Georgia, made famous in Sherman's Atlanta campaign. It contains a number of good wood engravings by A. R. Waud, who visited in person all the battle fields depicted.

The second volume of Gray's "Botanical Text Book" is just published by Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. It is by Prof. Goodale of Harvard University, and is devoted entirely to physiological botany. The growth and the structure, the elements and the physiological peculiarities of plants are discussed with great thoroughness and profundity, yet in a clear and most interesting manner. The illustrations are numerous and adequate. The third and fourth volumes of the work are in preparation, and will appear in due time.

With a simple, almost meagre plot, "Fiesole," by Beatrice Ley (J. Quaritch, London), is an interesting story and very racy of the soil. The author, if not a native of Italy, has evidently acquired by long residence in that country an intimate acquaintance with the habits and speech of its lower and middle classes, and it would be difficult to find more vivid pictures than she draws of the passionate, impulsive, mercurial Italian character. The scene is laid alternately in Fiesole and Florence, of both of which places we obtain pleasing glimpses.

The anonymous author of "Romish Teachings in the Protestant Churches" (T. Tindale & Sons) treats his subject with commendable frankness. He essays to prove that "the Protestant churches are teaching their disciples the distinctive doctrines and practices of the arch enemy of the Gospel of Jesus Christ—the Church of Rome." Protestants and Roman Catholics of course hold many religious beliefs in common, and for this reason are assailed with equal energy. Every distinctive doctrine recognized by the Christian world in common is denounced in this volume as either superstition or blasphemy, and has been formulated, the author asserts, by Augustine, Cyril, and Gregory the Great. He gives an outline of his own notions regarding a true Christian Church, which would scarcely satisfy orthodox believers.

"Two College Girls," by Helen Dawes Brown (Ticknor & Co.), is a story of student life in a girls' college which few will care to put aside until they have read it from beginning to end. The two heroines are pupils in what is probably intended for Wellesley College, Massachusetts, of widely different character and social standing—the one an obscure country girl, morbidly shy, sensitive, and suspicious, but high-minded; the other a rich man's daughter, boisterous and frivolous, but generous to a fault. The reciprocal influence of the one upon the other develops in each the qualities she most needed, and they become agreeable and accomplished women. The story is singularly devoid of striking incidents, but its lively pictures of college life, its wide range of distinctly opposed characters, and mingled humor and pathos will render it an attractive volume to a large circle of readers.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Lovely Man.

Dedicated to Mrs. Eliza Archard Conner of New York, member of the Sorosis.

O, sweet, dear man, we love thy ways,
And all thy witching arts divine.
Long be on earth, and fair, thy days,
And all the glory that is thine.

Woman full oft has won thy love,
Aye, often thought thee lord and king,
Taken thy name and sought to prove,
That thou a nobler life couldst bring.

Thy tender looks and lovely smiles
The world had never seen before
Old Satan brought his subtle wiles
To slow Euphrates' Eden shore.

No arts deceit can use are thine;
And heaven knows that thou art fair;
Thou kneelest where Love builds her shrine,
To sigh, and pray, and worship there.

By bread alone thou dost not live,
Nor yet is wine alone thy drink;
All virtues in thy nature thrive,
All vices from thy presence shrink.

O, matchless man, what better praise
Could trusting woman give to thee,
Than wish thee bright and blissful days,
With just herself for company?

LANESBORO, N. Y. WELCOME SPENSER.

Wilfulness and Patience.

From Donahoe's Magazine.

I said I am going into the garden,
Into the flush of the sweetness of life;
I can stay in the wilderness no longer,
Where sorrow and sickness and pain are so rife;

So I shod my feet in their golden sandals,
And I looped my gown with a ribbon of blue,
And into the garden went I singing,
The birds in the boughs fell a singing too.

Just at the wicket I met with Patience,
Grave was her face, and pure and kind;
But oh, I loved not her sombre mantle,
Such sober looks were not to my mind.

Said Patience, "Go not into the garden,
But come with me by the difficult ways,
Over the wastes and the wilderness mountains,
To the higher levels of love and praise!"

Gayly I laughed as I opened the wicket,
And Patience, pitying, flitted away.
The garden glory was full of the morning,
The morning changed to the glamour of day.

O sweet were the winds among my tresses,
And sweet the flowers that bent at my knees;
Ripe were the fruits that fell at my wishing,
But sated soon was my soul with these.

And would I were hand in hand with Patience,
Tracing her feet on the difficult ways,
Over the wastes and the wilderness mountains,
To the higher level of love and praise!

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

Questions.

From the Cottage Hearth.

We question of the silence vast,
Of souls that people distant spheres;
What of their future and their past,
Have they our sorrows, joys and fears?
Do the same flowers make glad their sight?
The same birds sing? On their great seas
Do ships like ours, with canvas white,
Move stately, answering the breeze?

Have they their Christ, their Christmas day?
Know they Mahomet? Buddha? One,
Or all, or none? And do they pray?
And have they wrought as we have done?
We cannot guess; 'tis hard indeed,
Our own orb's tale of its dim past
Through centuries untold to read,
And who its future shall forecast?

We know the hand that holds in check
The whirling worlds, each in its course,
And saves the universe from wreck
And peril. This tremendous Force
Holds likewise all our little lives;
The suns and stars do all obey
His bidding; never planet strives
To swerve from its appointed way.

The dangerous boon alone to us
Is given, to choose 'twixt ill and well,
Rebellion or obedience; thus
To build our heaven, or dig our hell.
But one great thought our strength upholds,
Nothing shall perish! Though His rod
Smites sore, His mercy still enfolds
His own; God's souls are safe with God.

CELIA THAXTER.

Hymn for the First Church in Cambridge.

From the Boston Transcript.

Lord, Thou hast led us as of old
Thine armies forth the chosen race
Through foes that raged, through floods that rolled,
To Canaan's far-off dwelling place.

Here is Thy bounteous table spread,
Thy manna falls on every field,
Thy grace our hungering souls hath fed,
Thy might hath been our spear and shield.

Lift high Thy buckler, Lord of hosts!
Guard Thou Thy servants, sons and sires,
While on the godless heathen coasts
They light Thine Israel's altar fires!

The savage wilderness remote
Shall hear Thy works and wonders sung;
So from the rock that Moses smote
The fountain of the desert sprung.

Soon shall the slumbering morn awake,
From wandering stars of error freed,
When Christ the bread of heaven shall break
For saints that own a common creed.

The walls that fence His flocks apart
Shall crack and crumble in decay,
And every tongue and every heart
Shall welcome in the new-born day.

Then shall His glorious Church rejoice
His word of promise to recall—
One sheltering fold, one Shepherd's voice,
One God and Father over all.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Silver Cloud.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

I saw a silver cloud at eventide,
At eventide a little silver cloud;
With outstretched, motionless wings, a paly dove
She sailed toward the west, and thus she said:

"Ah, joy was mine! He bathed me in his beams,
He bathed me in his beams, and all day long
Over a thousand fields a thousand groves,
My happy shadow floated like a dream.

"Kiss, kiss once more my lips, my pallid lips;
Bring me once more the glow I knew at morn;
Cast thou thine arms about me, ere I die,
Ere in a mist of tears I melt away!"

While yet she spake her cloudy pallor changed,
And she became a wreath of dimming fire
That did to scorn the sober evening star;
But ah! she darkened visibly as she went.

Slowly she darkened, slowly, till she was
Whiter than ashes or the face of death.
Then came a cold, low wind, and breathed on her;
She in a mist of tears did melt away.

JOHN PHILIP VARLEY.

Coraline.

From the Somerville Journal.

She has a dainty, shell-like ear,
My Coraline,
Small, delicately veined, and fine,
Soft, loving locks around it twine;
I'm sure in all the world its peer
Never was seen.

And then a rosebud of a mouth
Has Coraline,
White little teeth and pouting lips,
A tingle to my finger tips
She sends this beauty of the South,
My fond heart's queen!

But this, alas! I must confess
Of Coraline:
All that she hears with shell-like ear,
With rosebud lips she tells, I fear,
And so I've got in many a mess
Quite unforeseen!

Written in an Autograph Album.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

TO MY FRIEND:

Wreathe thy garlands, fairest one;
Ere the beams of day are gone,
Soon will close each fragrant flower
Blooming in the garden's bower,
While the midnight dews are shed
O'er each sleeping flowret's head.

Wreathe thy garlands, fairest one;
Soon will summer's reign be gone,
Tempests come with chilling breath
Sweeping o'er the barren heath,
And stern winter's fearless hand
Stalk in fierceness o'er the land.

Wreathe thy garlands, fairest one,
Soon will set life's glowing sun,
Youth's gay dreams too quickly fade,
Loving hearts are soon betrayed;
Wreathe thy garlands ere their bloom
Fade around thy earthly tomb.

W. S. HANCOCK, Dec. 9, 1839.

Advice, Worldly and Wicked.

From the Columbus Dispatch.

All writers of letters this warning should take:
You're sure to be caught, you're sure to be caught.
You may think that no wit of your opinions can shake,
But the future is full of its dangers unsought,
And some bigger morning you're sure to awake
To find that your views don't consist as they ought.

You may talk but don't write your convictions, for then
You're sure to be caught, you're sure to be caught;
Use words of the mouth, for the words of your pen
Are most treacherous means of expressing a thought,
And have a queer way of appearing again
To teach you a lesson you should have been taught.

A word that is written don't know when it's dead;
You're sure to be caught, you're sure to be caught;
At times most unseasonably 'tis sure to be read
And in glory the mischief its nature has wrought;
But the word that is spoken, when echo has fled,
May be safely denied or a new setting bought.

The Brevity of Life.

From the Sheltering Arms.

Behold!
How short a span
Was long enough, of old,
To measure out the life of man!
In those well-tempered days his time was then
Surveyed, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten.

Alas!
And what is that?
They come, and slide, and pass,
Before my pen can tell thee what.
The posts of time are swift, which having run
Their seven short stages o'er, their short-lived task is done.

How soon
Our new-born light
Attains to full-aged noon!
And this, how soon to gray haired night.
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast.

They end
When scarce begun;
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done.
Man, count thy days; and if they fly too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day the last.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

ARISTOCRACY IN ENGLAND.

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NO. XIX.

A Nobleman Indeed.

Sometimes Americans attribute to an aristocracy both merits and graces that are not often centred in an individual; nevertheless, there are members of the class whose nobleness is innate, and the memory of whose acquaintance it is a delight to recall. The picture of one, especially, will linger long with me.

He was both an Irish and an English peer; of illustrious lineage and almost the highest rank; middle-aged and unmarried when I first met him; of enormous fortune and, of course, with troops of friends. His manner was the perfection of simplicity; as natural as that of a peasant, as refined as that of a prince ought to be. It made me think of the exquisite clearness of water or of a diamond. There was no suggestion of manner at all. You saw straight through it to the man.

The most definite consciousness of rank I ever discovered in him was his humility that he should be an hereditary peer. He often said to me he was a sorry legislator. He believed, indeed, that the peerage was doomed, and, though he never admitted so much, I think he believed it had no right to exist, that it ought to be swept away. But he was in no haste to bring out the broom, and very well content that the institution should last his time. Still, he voted with the Liberals on nearly every occasion—that is, when he voted at all, for he was often out of England years at a time. He was a picked man of countries; had seen Japan and the United States, as well as every European court.

In his youth he visited with his tutor one of the little German principalities, where the British envoy at once offered to present the social magnate at the petty court. The peer was willing, but he was very fond of his tutor, a man only a few years older than himself, and a person of great refinement. So the nobleman asked the Minister to present his friend at the same time; but this the punctilious representative declared to be impossible; a tutor could not possibly go to court; he would not even submit so preposterous a proposition to the palace functionaries. The young aristocrat, however, refused to be presented without his friend, and, though his name had been sent in, it was withdrawn, and the British Jonathan proceeded with his David to another dukedom where the chamberlains and the diplomatists did not disturb them.

He perceived, nevertheless, the advantages of his nobility. We were together once for a day or two in Italy, and I recollect his telling me that he had just left the party of a kinsman, a man of enormous wealth and great position, who had twice refused a peerage; but the peer declared he had himself received far more consideration in travelling than his relation who was not noble. The title counted with the couriers and Swiss innkeepers. He chuckled a little at the sycophancy, but it was in scorn.

He had the softest, blandest manner, the gentlest smile I have ever seen in a man, combined with perfect self-possession and dignity of bearing. His courtesy was unfailing, and not confined to deportment; it was carried into deeds. He was incessantly doing something to add to the comfort or happiness of others. I can recall a score of instances in which he considered mine; and I cannot flatter myself that I was exceptional in his regard. Once he breakfasted with me to meet an American of good position, but who was often boorish in his behavior. On this occasion the republican complained of the churlishness of the English, who, he said, never invited Americans to their clubs. He had been in London for a month and met a number of prominent Englishmen, no one of whom had shown him this civility. I blushed for the taste of my compatriot, but before the party separated the Englishman inquired of me the American's address, and the same day sent him an invitation to the most exclusive club in London.

This liberal patrician was connected with half the nobility, and at one or two houses where I was fortunate enough to be on intimate terms I sometimes met him when there were no other guests. He was then perfectly delightful. We spent hours together. He told me stories of all the great English people, initiated me into the secrets of family histories, sparing neither national foibles nor individual peculiarities; for he was not insipid; he was a shrewd observer, and not averse to satire, for all his amiability. He knew, or had known, every one worth knowing in the highest English society. He had never known any other, and, if there was a narrowness at all about him it came from this restriction of his English field of vision. He could describe the career and the character of every Prime Minister and Ambassador for the last forty years. If he spoke of any people I had not met who he thought would interest me, he would either give me letters to them or more often write direct to them and ask them to invite me. Many a tour of visits he thus arranged, passing me on from one delightful house to another.

I was always charmed to see him when I entered a strange house to dinner, or to sit near him, whether the hosts were old or new acquaintances. He looked out for my precedence; always had me put up as high as he could, and near agreeable people; asked me whom I wished to know, and presented me with the most favorable introductions, though his endorsement was itself sufficient in any circle in England.

His heart was warm as well as his urbanity delightful. When the great fire in Chicago occurred he sent me a letter enclosing his check for a hundred pounds, which he begged me to forward for the benefit of the sufferers; and shortly afterward enclosed a second check for fifty more, regretting that the Irish troubles had so reduced his income that he was unable to contribute as freely as he desired. But he said he had received too many kindnesses from Americans not to wish to do something when Americans were in distress.

He had apparently no aptitude or ambition for public life, and had never been in politics. He hardly possessed first-rate ability, yet his ideas were often original, and his penetration was keen. He was well read and spoke several languages; his taste in art and his appreciation of nature were alike refined. His opportunities, of course, had been the best, and as far as storing his mind and cultivating his taste, he had made the best use of them; but he had not turned his faculties to any graver account. He was a good master, a loyal friend, a refined, amiable associate; but he made no effort to be or to do more. Perhaps he knew his own limitations, and at least he did no positive harm to any one. His life was spent in elegant ease and unobtrusive charities. Whether this was all that he should have achieved in so splendid a position his own conscience best could declare. Since he is not living, I may say that he always impressed me as feeling that he had not made sufficient use of his advantages. He seemed aware that, with such gifts of fortune and station, he ought to have accomplished something more for his country or the world. But of how few cannot this be said in any country or in any class.

When I first met this choice specimen of the manhood of any nation, aristocratic or republican, he had an income of £30,000, and I was told by those who knew him well that his kindnesses and charities on his own estates had made him the idol of his tenants; but the crash in Irish fortunes came, and he suffered with the rest. His steward was shot, his own life was not safe on his own property, and he was an exile from the lands his fathers had held for generations. His income fell to £800 or £700. And then his nobility became conspicuous. It was an attribute, not an appanage. When the drapery fell off the figure was seen to advantage. He made no complaint of the injustice of treating him as if he had been a harsh landlord and cruel master; he did not intermit his efforts to do them good at whose hand he suffered. And this was not from pusillanimity. It was not weakness of opinion or consciousness of wrongdoing. His judgment was opposed to the course of the Irish party and to the policy of Mr. Gladstone at that epoch. He may have been warped by his interest or blinded by his partiality, but he took a more decided stand in politics than ever before; he went to the House of Lords to vote in accordance with his convictions and against those with whom he had formerly acted; but neither his misfortunes nor his opinions induced him to swerve in his treatment of his tenants, or affected his feeling for them. No unkind word for them escaped his lips when he discussed the situation, which for him was so calamitous. On the contrary, I heard him excuse, if not defend them. The magnanimity of this forgiveness of injuries which he at least had not provoked was almost Christ-like.

The moment of his disaster was most inopportune. He had married not long before a lady of lineage equal to his own, but the wealth he had offered her disappeared, and the coronet seemed a mockery without its appendages of state and fortune. One of their relatives told me they were living in lodgings in an unfashionable part of London, and kept no carriage; "and you know what that means," said the high-born dame. "A doctor or a lawyer may set up a carriage or put it down, according as he prospers for the time; but for one of us—" and she could not complete the sentence.

Her noble kinsman did not take his reverses so to heart. He offered his paternal acres and the mansion stocked with statuary for sale, and while waiting for the result took a modest little box near London, where he was good enough to ask me to be his guest. I was charmed to go, and of all the aristocratic residences I visited in England none so impressed me with the nobility of its master. I was received with the same courtly grace as if the mansion had been a ducal one. There was no retinue of followers, no great service of plate; a single man to wait, a table ungarnished with costly wines; but no excuses were made; there was no allusion to the change of circumstances or the lack of state. The ceremony was as punctilious, the conversation as brilliant and unconstrained, the grand air as apparent as ever. I was taken in a fly to visit earls who evidently thought no less of their peer because of the diminution of his income; and, democrat as I was, I could not but think that if birth and rank produced such results as this unconscious dignity and enchanting grace with which misfortune was—not borne, but ignored—not every consequence of aristocracy could be condemned. Only I insist that this—I wish I might call him friend—would have been just as much of a nobleman if he had been born an American and a democrat. He was one of nature's aristocrats.

ADAM BADEAU.

A GREAT GUN FACTORY.

Krupp's Enormous Establishment.

In these days, when Congress will soon be called upon to decide whether to establish Government gun foundries or to contract with private enterprise for the exclusive production of heavy ordnance, or to unite, in some form, public with private resources, a special interest attaches to Mr. Moncure D. Conway's article in *Harper's Magazine* for March.

This article, entitled "An Iron City Beside the Ruhr," is a description of Krupp's famous factories at Essen. Here we have works occupying 500 acres, half of them under cover, and employing 11,211 persons. Taking together the laborers in the branch works at Neuweid and Sayn, in the many German mines owned by Krupp, and in the Spanish mines at Bilbao, from which the finest ores he uses are brought, we have an aggregate of 19,605 employees, while their families would increase the number to 65,381 persons supported by Krupp's works. Krupp also owns four sea steamers, and connected with his works are forty-two miles of railway, with their rolling stock, and forty miles of telegraph wires, with thirty-five stations. He also runs a hotel, and a great central supply store for the so-called workmen's colonies, which, as is well known, he has built in the neighborhood.

At the outset of his article Mr. Conway corrects an erroneous impression derived by many people:

Two-thirds of the work here are devoted to things belonging to the arts of peace—all the parts of steam-engines, locomotives, iron axles, bridges, rails, wheels, tires, switches, springs, shafts for steamers, mint dies, rudders, and parts of all varieties of iron machinery, are prepared here for manufacturers. That is, they are not combined here; all the iron parts of a locomotive may be obtained here, but not a locomotive, although nearly all of the locomotives and engines used in the works are made in them. Both Brahma and Siva are in the employ of Mr. Krupp, but the creative power preponderates.

But of course it is the ordnance that has made Krupp's name famous the world over. Mr. Conway says that for no amount of money can the French buy Krupp guns, lest they should be used for killing Germans; whereas Englishmen, wherever killed in war, are generally killed with English guns. This article also states that Krupp "has lately declined an order from America to supply steel blocks for cannon, for the reason that he cannot feel sure that added metal or inferior work may not involve his metal in bad results." But it is quite certain that he has all the work he wants to do; and, indeed, we may remark here that one of the reasons why our own Gun Foundry Board declined to recommend the Krupp or private-enterprise system of supplying heavy guns complete was the danger that Government work, in emergencies, might be hindered by important private business interests and contracts. However this may be, here are some statistics of the daily labor:

In the Essen works there are 1,553 big ovens, 439 steam boilers, 450 steam engines (representing together 18,500 horse-power), 1,622 machine tools, 82 steam hammers, 21 rolling trains—involving a daily consumption of 3,100 tons of coal and coke by the 1,648 furnaces whose draught is through chimneys of which one is 280 feet high, with a diameter of 30 feet at the bottom. The daily consumption of water—brought from the Ruhr by an aqueduct—is 24,700 cubic metres. There are 1,778 steel lamps, and 7½ cubic metres of gas have been used annually, though this quantity has just been diminished by the introduction of electric lights. The work ceases only on Sunday and on two or three holidays. The production is enormous. When the Emperor William visited the place in 1877, Mr. Krupp caused to be set before him the productions of a single day: 1,800 rails, 180 wheel tires, 120 axles, 160 railway wheels, 430 railway wedges, 1,000 bombshells. The daily capacity of the works is much more: 2,700 rails (two and a half miles), 350 tires, 150 axles, 180 wheels, 1,000 wedges, 1,500 bombshells. In a month they can produce 250 field pieces, thirty 5.7 inch cannon, fifteen 9.33 inch cannon, eight 11-inch cannon, one 14-inch gun—the weight of the last being 57 short tons, its length 28 feet 7 inches. * * * Out of 18,000 guns made here and used, 22 have burst, in all. Of these, 17 were from 8,400 guns constructed on a system abandoned in 1879. Of those made after, only 1 in 2,300 have burst. During the late Franco-German war, when such vast numbers of his field guns were used—many of them having been subjected to a strain of nearly 3,000 discharges—not one burst, and only one accident occurred, this being to a field gun whose breech block was not tightly closed.

Mr. Conway's article is a panegyric, and he is perhaps as much impressed on the poetical as on the scientific side. But at least he has the advantage, perhaps partly accorded for the reason that he was not acquainted with the intricacies of gunsmithery, of being admitted to inspect actual work going on under the big hammers Fritz and Max and elsewhere, a privilege denied to our Gun Foundry Board. Mr. Conway says he owes the favor to Mr. Kasson, on whose account Mr. Krupp declared that, "although such a concession had not been made before," it should "for once be allowed." The exterior arrangements of the Essen works have always been open to observation.

NAVAL ACADEMY GRADUATES.

A Bill to Grant Commissions which were Wrongfully Withheld.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Among the bills relating to the navy now before the House is one which is intended to undo an act of injustice to a number of young naval officers which was perpetrated under the administration of Secretary Chandler, under the plea of cutting away the top-heavy list of naval officers. The plea was a sham, because instead of cutting away at the top it cut at the bottom.

On Aug. 5, 1882, after a deal of discussion on the Naval Appropriation bill, a rider was tacked on which limited the number of commissions to be issued to graduates of the Naval Academy to the number of promotions from the rank of ensign during the year preceding the annual examination. The rest of the graduates were to be discharged with one year's sea pay. It was provided, however, that at least ten cadets should be so commissioned. Little fault could be found with this act except as it affected certain cadet midshipmen who had been in the service about six years. These young men made oath that they would serve for a term of eight years. The Government had practically agreed to employ them for that time at least. In fact, these young men had studied and worked for over five years under the belief that they would receive life commissions in the navy. No intimation of any other future had ever reached them. The course of study had unfitted them for any other occupation. When just about to return from the two years' course at sea which should have entitled them to commissions they were told that only ten of the class, which numbered seventy, would be accepted. On account of an unexpected number of vacancies in the marine corps as well as in the rank of ensign twenty-three were commissioned and the rest were turned adrift. They say that this act was a breach of contract. The justice of their claim was acknowledged when a similar bill relating to West Point was passed in both Houses in Congress, for it was therein provided that only those cadets should be affected by it who should be appointed after the act should become law. Last year the Senate passed an act restoring these young men to the navy, but it failed to reach a vote in the House. The bill to restore them has again been introduced in both Houses, and it ought to pass.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.

HOME RULE AND SEPARATION.

Dr. O'Reilly, Writing from Rome, Gives Sound Advice to Irishmen.

ROME, Jan. 26.—To all here in Rome to whom the just cause of Ireland is dear the present attitude of the English Government and people toward the National League and the people whom it represents is a source of unspeakable anxiety. I do not know how it has happened, but the fact is that among the Italian press the "best-intentioned" journals (to use a French phrase) have been schooled to look upon the Irish Nationalists and the Parliamentary party as men banded together and sworn to accomplish the total separation of Ireland from the British crown. This idea of separation is so connected here, in the popular and the official mind, with the aims and efforts of Mr. Parnell and his followers, that it will require some time and no little labor to change public opinion in this respect.

All along I feared and felt that this same "fixed idea" of separation, so general in Great Britain, and taken in connection with the deep national hatred of everything Irish and everything Papist, would rouse the English and Scotch soul into a frenzy of intolerance and a ferocious spirit of expression when Parliament reassembled.

The London *Times* and the other English organs of public opinion which have taken up the cry of "Separation," having succeeded in marshalling against home rule all the passions, the prejudices, and the interests of Great Britain, will now hound on Lord Salisbury into coercive measures more complete and effective than any proposed by Gladstone and carried out by Lord Spencer.

The time has come when the union of the Catholic clergy and their people in forwarding the national cause will be proved to be providential. The temper of the Irish people is now subjected to the most trying test—that of being patient, not only under a great and unexpected disappointment, but of not losing their self-control and their stern discipline of moderation and peaceful expectancy while their rulers are enacting and executing a new code of repression and violating the dearest constitutional rights of the citizen in the name of the Constitution.

Now is the time, as the eyes of the world are fixed on the Parliamentary drama at Westminster, when violent acts of any kind, undertaken or accomplished to help Ireland by terrifying England, will lose to the former the sympathies of millions. May God inspire the true Irish people with that superhuman heroism so often shown in former times, but now more than ever necessary, when the long-sought-for goal is near at hand, and when a supreme trial of patient endurance and moderation is sure to be followed by a supreme triumph over the injustice of centuries.

THE SUN, which even here in Italy, where Piedmontism is hand and glove with England, is acknowledged to have revolutionized public opinion in the United States in favor of what seemed a forlorn hope and a lost cause, can now render dear Ireland a still greater service by preaching to Irishmen at home and abroad patience, self-control, absolute abstention from all violence, all illegal acts. This perfect self-discipline, carried out for the love of Ireland as well as for conscience sake, will gain Irishmen the respect, the sympathy, the admiration, the moral support, of the whole civilized world.

To every Irishman, at home and abroad, to whom THE SUN may bring its blessed comfort, together with this letter of mine, I would say: There is one living man to whom the New World and the Old look up with an admiring reverence, which increases steadily from day to day. The light of his saintly life and his sublime and opportune teachings have justified the prophetic description of him attributed to our own St. Malachy: *lumen in cœlo*—light in heaven. At any rate, in the hour of Ireland's darkest need his great mind took in her situation—her sufferings in the past, her just claims and aspirations in the present and her pregnant and glorious future. And, spurning the suggestions and seductions of a tempting and importunate diplomacy, his great heart did for Ireland what our utmost gratitude can never repay—bound together in one holy purpose the Irish hierarchy and their people. It was a pledge and prophecy of near and certain triumph. Thus was he to Ireland in her dark night a true light of hope and comfort dawning from the heavens, the harbinger of coming day. For his dear sake, whom Irishmen revere as their common parent and guide, and whom they have the deepest reason to love as their friend, let them say no word and do no act which can sadden a heart already overflowing with bitterness.

But we owe it to Ireland as well that we weaken her cause by no fatal outburst of temper, of violence, of unholy midnight deeds, of dynamite conspiracy.

And since I have said so much here in allusion to Leo XIII., let me devote the remainder of this letter to him. It is a marvel to those around him how he can withstand at his age—76—the wear and tear of the enormous amount of business to be transacted daily; and, together with that, to accomplish himself, personally, the unceasing literary labors, some of which only come to the public eye under the form of encyclicals, and such important and carefully weighed documents as the letters to the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck. I have been studying carefully the great encyclical *Immortale Dei* on the Christian constitution of States, and the more I study it the more am I struck with amazement at the immense amount of the weightiest matter condensed into this dogmatic utterance, put in the most perfect literary form, and expressed in such Latin as Cicero would admire.

Now, following close on this, comes the encyclical to the Archbishops and Bishops of Prussia, another most admirable document, evidently foreshadowing a new concordat to be soon concluded with that kingdom, and which will put an end to the strife between Church and State in the German empire. So does the great Pope, by his superior prudence, his superior learning and statesmanship, and his saintly virtues win the homage, the respect, the unbounded confidence of such men as the German Chancellor.

It is no wonder, especially to one seeing him only for a moment, that he should appear sickly and near his end. But there is in a frame sustained by an ardent desire to labor for the divinest interests of humanity, a principle of vitality and energy not found in the most robust natures, when these are not carried forward and upward by zeal for the holiest of causes, and when they are not purified and exalted by abstemiousness and asceticism.

As I knelt, on Sunday morning last, before Leo XIII., in his throne room, and looked up into those love-lit eyes bent on me, and scanned every feature in that countenance, which is of alabaster-like whiteness and transparency, I felt as if the sweet figure had walked out of some glorious picture of Fra Angelico's. He had not been able to leave his room for ten days, but they were ten days full of the most important and unceasing labor. He was going to take his first walk in the Vatican gardens. Noble guards, chamberlains, and attendants were waiting round to accompany him. But he would spare time for the American pilgrim to pay him the homage of love and gratitude. No; he would not let me kiss his feet, as the custom is, but he held out his hand, the right hand which has written so many immortal pages. And then he placed it on my shoulder, and the left hand on my head, while he spoke to me the words of affection, of encouragement, and direction, that I had come to seek. No portrait or photograph of Leo XIII. that I have seen at all conveys the tenderer spiritual sweetness of that countenance, the light in his eyes the sunny smile around his mouth. Something in the conversation made me mention the name of my mother, and then his expression became as that of one transfigured. There was a brief look upward, and then he looked into my face with a brighter and sweeter smile, answering me with evident satisfaction. He worships the memory of his mother.

Then, having given me more of his time than I could at all expect, and saying that he would see me soon again, the attenuated hand was removed from my shoulder to my lips, and I rose to depart.

Before leaving the antechamber Monsignor Macchi, the Pope's Maggior-Domo, said that our estimation of Leo XIII. as one of the greatest Popes who had governed the Church was fully justified. Only, he said, the Holy Father avoided carefully everything like publicity, except when he cannot help himself.

I have said that I saw no portrait of Leo XIII. that at all conveys the sweet, gentle, suffering, spiritual expression of his countenance. I should add that there is one in his brother's (Cardinal Pecci) anteroom in the Barberini Palace which struck me as being an excellent likeness. But it is only a profile. The Pope is represented kneeling and wrapt in adoration before the altar.

Cardinal Pecci, who is two years older than the Pope, being in some of the most amiable of men. Dr. Kirby, Archbishop of Ephesus, took me to see him, and we had a most affectionate greeting. The Cardinal is not so tall or erect as his brother, and the expression of his countenance is quite different. He has not had through life the great burden of care to carry that has weighed so on his junior.

We chatted about their family, their boyhood, their school days, and their mother. The mention of her name also lit up the face of the Cardinal. He related to me her angelic devotion and unlimited charity to the poor of Carpineto and its vicinity. This had already been told me by the Franciscan Fathers, who hold her memory in benediction. Such visits help to cheer American pilgrims during their stay in Rome. They help me in my real agony about Ireland.

But it is no little consolation to see that Ireland has such friends, as I know she has, both in Rome and in New York.

BERNARD O'REILLY.